

SOME TEA SECRETS.

Chinese Carefully Guard the Mode of Selection, Drying and Preparation.

Owing to the jealousy of the Chinese government preventing foreigners from visiting the districts where tea is grown, and the information derived from the Chinese merchants at the shipping ports, scanty as it was, not being depended on with any certainty, much mystery and confusion for a long time existed regarding the species yielding the varieties known to the trade as green and black teas, by which means they are best known to the public, many authorities contending that the former were produced exclusively from the green tea plant, and the latter solely from the black tea variety, while again it was held by others that both commercial varieties were produced from a single species, the difference in color, flavor and effect being due entirely to a disparity in the soil, climate, age and process employed in curing the leaves for market, also that green teas were grown from plants cultivated on the plains or low lands, in soil enriched by manure, and black teas from plants grown on hillsides or mountain slopes.

Later and more careful investigations, however, disprove all these opinions, it being now admitted, even by the Chinese themselves, that the green and black teas of commerce may be and are prepared as will from either and both species of the tea plant, different methods being pursued in the processes of curing from the first stage, green teas being only distinguished from black by the fact that the latter are not fermented in the process of curing, or tanned as high or as often by excessive heat as the latter in the firing process to which they are subjected before being twisted or curled.

It was also a commonly received opinion at one time that the distinctive color of teas was imparted to them by being fired in copper pans, for this belief there is not the slightest foundation, in fact, the copper is never used in the process of firing leaves, repeated experiments by unerring tests having conclusively proved that not in a single case has any trace of that metal been detected, the only difference lying in the methods of preparation.

The Modern Newspaper.

An occasional contributor to the magazine says that it is becoming next to useless to offer articles to their editors. "Magazines," he declares, "are made up more and more from ordered matter, and the men who stand in favor with the editors have the right to tell him what he may expect to find in the next number of Harper's or the Century, and even what artist will make the illustrations. When I have a scheme for an article now I write to an editor and ask him if it is any use to send it. Generally it is sent about as a matter of course, and I do not care to send it as a matter of course. Stories of incident, romance and essays are barred, and young writers are actively discouraged. The newspapers are taking the place of magazines with a large class of readers."—N. Y. Sun.

The Mark Is Not on Their Face.

In a New York photograph collector's album there are the pictures of criminals who were tried and sentenced in this city last year. A good proportion of them are men of appearance, with honest looking faces and a pleasant expression. The cover of the album often shows these pictures to his acquaintances, without telling who the men are, and he says that of all the people he has seen them not one has yet asked that they are convicted criminals, or that they do not rank among the most respectable citizens.

How Is It Done?

The following mysterious advertisement appeared recently in a respectable appearance and religious sentiments, wishes to marry under penological principles, and in the correspondence from any lady giving the same desire. How do you marry under penological principles? Do you both have your names left, and then compare notes to see that there are no "incompatibilities of temper?"

His Mother—Johnny, always remember what I told you.

Johnny—Here comes Pansy for heaven's sake let's get out of this. Johnny—How much do you owe me? Johnny—Nothing; but he imagines he's got appendicitis, and will want to tell us all his symptoms.—Brooklyn.

Best Man, at telephone—Is that lawyer back yet?

Yes. Well, we are waiting for the verdict—what's that? Good! Absolute, for Mrs. Marymuch! All right, person, let 'er go.—Life.

An Albino Bird.

A lady at Maple Valley, N. Y., is living in a cage an albino robin which she found in the grass under a tree. Every feather is white and its eyes are pink.

Gov. Prince was one of the four

senate delegates selected by the Royal Hawaiian convention to deliver an address at the Fort Riley, Kan., on Thursday, the occasion of the Masonic excursion to Topeka.

The bill for the right of way of a railroad across the Indian territory to this place passed the senate yesterday.

GRAMMAR.

Reduced to its Primitive and Simplest Form.

Everybody knows the story of the Englishman who, dining with a mandarin, desired to know what meat he was eating. He pointed to the dish and said, interrogatively, "Quack-quack?" His host shook his head and answered, with the politest of smiles, "How now?" And there you have the language in its simplest elements.

As yet, however, it possesses no syntax, no order, no formative principles. Now push the thing one stage further, says Longman's Magazine. Let us make a verb, to eat. The simplest way of doing this is to imitate the sound of teeth in grinding grain, like corn, or coarse roots and foodstuffs. Ny'm, ny'm, ny'm, or nyum, nyum, nyum, is about as near as we can get to it in ordinary letters. (The Italian gn'm, gn'm, or the Spanish n'm, n'm, would represent it more accurately.) Hence, nyum-nyum is a common symbol for "to eat" with savages.

Now ask with an interrogative inflection of voice, "Nyum-nyum quack-quack?" and that means "Am I eating duck?" The answer comes with the shake of the head. Nyum-nyum bow-wow, and that means, "Oh, dear, no, it is dog you are eating." True the grammatical elements of first and second person are here suppressed, but so they are in many primitive languages, and so they are even in the negro dialects of French and English. Tenses and persons are frequently lost. "Him gwine town" means "He is going to town" in negro English. "Him eat" means "He is eating." "Him eat yesterday" means "He ate," and so on generally. "I have eaten" becomes in Creole French "Moi fini manger," that is to say, "I am finished." "Rich nigger, him mulatto, poor mulatto, him nigger," gives the simple grammar of negro English; in Creole French, where "I" means "sit," it comes out in the precisely analogous "Nogre riche. I mulatto mulatto pauvre, I negre." This is grammar reduced to its simplest elements.

Now to carry the process still further. You see the remains of a duck lying on the ground in the neighborhood of your compound, and you wish to know what has happened to it. You ask a savage bystander, "How now nyum nyum quack-quack?" That is to say, "Has a dog eaten my duck?" The savage shakes his head, puts his own round stomach and answers with gusto, "Ny'uh ny'uh quack-quack." That means "I have eaten it."

Wonderful Forgetfulness.

Stranger, in train. A man in your business can't get home very often, I presume?

Commercial? Home? I should say not. Why, I get home so seldom that I can't remember half the time where I live. Have to telegraph to the firm to send me my address.

"You don't say so!"

"That's straight. Why, one time I was away so long that I forgot I'd ever been married, and I took such a fancy to a pretty woman I met in a strange town that I dropped her and married her."

"My! My!"

"Yes, it would have been a terrible thing; but when I called on the firm during my honeymoon and introduced her, the old man told me she was my wife before."

Commercial Correspondence.

The first volume of a code of "commercial nomenclature" was issued from the bureau of American republics recently. Its 842 pages present more than 1,000 business terms extending from A to machine inclusive, such as are apt to appear in commercial correspondence on the American continent and neighboring islands, and the customs tariffs and regulations of American countries. The terms are given in three columns, showing the English, Spanish and Portuguese equivalents.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

"Doc Aubright returned to Winslow last night.

Peter Ryan, an old Missourian, is at Las Vegas and he is doing good service for the Postal Telegraph company.

J. T. McLaughlin, the San Pedro smelter gentleman, was in the city last night, and called at The Citizen office.

A. J. Papen, editor of the Las Cruces Republican, was in the city yesterday, and secured a number of patrons for his excellent paper.

J. J. Gillespie, late a clerk in the Singer sewing machine office in this city, has gone to Las Vegas, where he takes a similar position.

Wm. McIntosh, the well-known sheep raiser of central New Mexico, is in Las Vegas, and during the forenoon's tournament picked up a few extra dollars.

Fred. Mauger and sister, who left the city a short time ago for Southern California, returned this afternoon, and it is rumored that Fred will remain here.

Dr. T. B. Tyler and wife, Dr. Colander and O. K. Smith, who have been up in the James country for the past two months, returned to the city last Saturday.

Mrs. J. Elstner and little daughter, who have been making their home at Albuquerque for the past four months, left last Saturday for El Paso, to join Mr. Elstner.

T. S. Hubbard, one of the city's efficient policemen, has returned home and was on duty yesterday. During his absence, Fred. Brown officiated and filled the bill with credit.

Floyd Bane, one of the clerks at the Atlantic & Pacific general office, who has been back to Indiana and other eastern states on a summer vacation, has returned home.

Mrs. Sarah McMillan will leave for Pueblo Col., this evening, where she will visit a son and daughter. From there she will visit Kansas and other eastern points, and will be away two months.

R. A. Woodruff, cashier of the Prescott National Bank, arrived at one o'clock. The gentlemen expect to meet his wife this evening on arrival of the train.

meanwhile will see his friend W. C. Hadley

and the officials of the First National Bank, with which the Prescott National corresponds. Mr. Woodruff will return to Prescott late to-night. He expressed admiration for our public buildings and the general appearance of the metropolis.

On last Saturday Dr. Gould, clerk of the school board of East Las Vegas, informed a Citizen representative that the school census, which he is now taking, will show that East Las Vegas has at least 600 school children. The doctor is one of the hardest-worked men in this city, being the postmaster, the clerk of the school board, clerk of the insane asylum and filling half a dozen other situations.

The Postal Telegraph company people are experiencing considerable trouble just north of the city. It is understood that a scheme has been inaugurated, with Manuel Gonzales at the head, to exact from the company about \$200 per mile, demanding at least \$7 a pole. The company, as The Citizen was informed this morning, has offered to the people about \$3 per pole and still they kick.

Cade Selvy, special officer of the Atlantic & Pacific, yesterday arrested Wm. Mason, Jos. Frankfort and L. O. Perrow for breaking into a sealed car on the above road. They were turned over to Policeman Fernoff, and had a hearing before Justice Lockhart. Frankfort and Perrow were bound over to the next grand jury, and Mason was given ten days on the street gang.

Miss Grace Tisdale, one of the popular school teachers of Omaha, and who has been several years ago with a sister, Mrs. Eshtaug, is at the San Felipe, arriving last night from San Francisco. Miss Tisdale is a particular friend of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Baldridge, of this city. Her sister, Mrs. Eshtaug, died here on the Highlands two years ago.

J. L. Zimmerman, secretary of the pharmaceutical association, informs The Citizen that the above association will meet in this city this week, also the New Mexico board of pharmacy will meet in conjunction with the association for the examinations of candidates for registration. All druggists in the territory are requested to attend these meetings.

In Las Cerrillos, the people are very anxious for a base ball tournament in Albuquerque during the Territorial fair, and have arranged for enjoying themselves in the metropolis during fair week. President Hoeselien, of the association, has been given figures, and it remains with him whether a base ball tournament is given or not.

F. H. Kent returned from his placer gold mines last afternoon. He reports to The Citizen that Messrs. Hall & King struck it quite rich in one of their claims day before yesterday, and that they are panning out small nuggets that average them \$5 per day. Messrs. Champion, Bullock, Snow and other of our citizens are there.

The funeral of Benito Alarid took place from the Cathedral in Santa Fe. Six sons and nine grandsons were in the procession that followed the remains. Chino Alarid, one of the accused in the Frank Chavez assassination, was permitted by Sheriff Cunningham to attend the funeral and take a final look at his father's body.

Messrs. Lewis and Schute, two of the swiftest bicycle riders in this city, were at Las Vegas last week eager and anxious to get on some races, but Mr. Braist and other Las Vegas cyclists did not have the opportunity or the inclination to meet the Albuquerque representatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Schwartz, of White Oaks, were arrested the other day for stealing a gold brick, valued at \$5,000, from W. H. Weed. They made good the amount of the theft, and it created one of the biggest sensations ever enjoyed by White Oaks people.

A few days ago a party of gentlemen from Flagstaff made the run to Grand Canon on bicycles, a distance of 75 miles. The road runs around the San Francisco mountains, through the pine forests, and is one of the hardest trips ever made on wheels in this country.

The Masonic temple to be erected in East Las Vegas will be a handsome structure, probably the best looking building in the southwest. Edward Medler, of this city, who was in East Las Vegas last week, examined the plans and specifications, and put in a bid.

David Strachan, A. H. Hansen, Chas. Bonnell and several other well-known miners left this morning for Hall canon mining district. It is understood that a big mining deal is on, and that several of the most promising claims are included in the list.

O. E. Crowwell, proprietor of the Albuquerque street railway, and one of the heaviest real estate owners in central New Mexico, left this afternoon for Santa Fe, and after remaining there for a few days will go on to his home in New York.

The Armitage house, under the management of Mrs. Morse, is proving one of the best lodging houses in the southwest. The house is being thoroughly cleaned and is now regarded the nicest lodging quarters in the southwest.

John D. Tortina presented this office with a monster peach this morning. He has a fine peach orchard in the southern part of the city, and if the bad boys will not break down his trees when stealing fruit he will be obliged.

In the United States court of private land claims yesterday, the Galisteo grant case was still on trial with the probability of being submitted in the afternoon. Then follows the trial of the Betancio grant.

The Optic says: B. S. Rodey, the Albuquerque attorney, is mentioned for the delegatship on the republican side of the house political.

Ben. Davis has informed M. P. Starns, the populist leader, that he intended to be a democrat with ex. Crt. Alford in published the Democrat.

ALL AT HOME.

Our Fire Representatives Royally Received and Entertained.

Marched Through the Streets All Carrying New Brooms.

The City Was Given up Entirely to the Firemen Last Night.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

From Monday's ability.

When the No. 1 passenger train from the north rolled into Albuquerque last night, bringing back to the city the train of the hose running team, a few of the fire delegates and "Our Chief McKnight" comedy company from their stay in Las Vegas and Los Cerrillos, there was a throng of enthusiastic and interesting people at the depot, headed by Assistant Chief Mandell, his committee of firemen, and the Albuquerque Silver Cornet band.

It was a reception—a grand and glorious one—and it showed to the returning representatives that the people of Albuquerque, irrespective of personal feeling, was out to do them credit and sanction their acts while away from the city.

The Albuquerqueans had stopped over in Los Cerrillos, where the comedy company gave an exhibition last Saturday night, and yesterday Mayor Goodall, F. F. Buell, Charles Lyons and Charles Way supplied them with new brooms, each appropriately decorated with small flags and hunting, and when the train came to a halt at the local depot Assistant Chief Mandell and Messrs. McCanna, Jacoby, Haney and others, lead by the band, took possession of the returning representatives and marched them up and down Railroad avenue, thence to the headquarters of the Ferguson Hook and Ladder company, where a reception was held.

The meeting was presided over by the assistant chief, who in a few words welcomed the victors home. He then introduced Chas. F. Hunt, who delivered a happy, interesting address. Judge W. H. Burke, a retired fireman and one of the first organizers of the department, followed Mr. Hunt and his words were well and generously received.

W. T. McCreight, president of the firemen's association and chief of the local department, was called upon and he spoke pleasantly about the convention and tournament, stating that "he was on the fence" as it were, but he emphasized the fact that Las Vegas people and firemen stand away up in the front ranks as entertainers. He then called upon H. S. Knight, trainer of the hose running team, and when that gentleman arose from his seat—the championship belt appearing in his hands—the crowd gave him hearty applause. Mr. Knight said a few of the exciting events at the tournament, and that he did everything in his power to put his team to the front, but he did not care to take the credit to himself—it all belonged to the young men who constituted the team.

Wm. Sanguinetti, the originator of the local fire department, an ex-chief, but now a retired fireman, was called upon and he made a short address, complimenting the firemen and especially the hose running team for the manner in which they conducted themselves at the Las Vegas convention and tournament.

The crowd then called for Capt. Woodmansee, of the Browns base ball club, and although modest and unassuming, he came to the front and addressed them. He had his unbroken side to line up for inspection, and the well known toasters were greeted with a storm of cheers.

This ended the speech making, after which, the crowd with their firemen friends, partook of refreshments. This part of the program was handled in a skillful and appreciative manner by half a dozen or more of the most active firemen in the department.

The festivities came to a close at 10:30 p. m., when all retired to their respective homes feeling that they had contributed well toward receiving the victors of the Las Vegas convention and tournament.

SHORT NOTES.

"Our Chief McKnight" Comedy company, with some of the firemen, stopped over in Los Cerrillos last Saturday, where they played that evening. Considering everything, they gave a very creditable show, and their efforts were heartily appreciated by almost countless cheering.

The officers of the New Mexico Association of Volunteer Firemen for the ensuing year are as follows: President—W. T. McCreight, of Albuquerque. Vice president—L. A. Skelly, of Silver City; M. J. Crowley, of East Las Vegas; C. C. Romero, of Las Vegas; C. Cortinas, of Socorro; B. Ruppe, of Albuquerque; C. J. Bacon, of Santa Fe. Secretary—J. P. Sloan, of Santa Fe. Assistant secretary—Frank J. Long, of Las Vegas. Executive committee—John Shanks, of East Las Vegas; G. M. Cudde, of Albuquerque; W. G. Ashdown, of Santa Fe; A. R. Quinley, of East Las Vegas; Ed. M. Keeler, of Socorro. The legislative committee constitute the following gentlemen: J. H. McCutchen, of Socorro; W. M. Berger, of Santa Fe, and the president of the association.

Messrs. Berger, Van Arndell, Sloan, Bacon and others of the Santa Fe delegation assured the association that the territorial capital would do the grand thing in entertaining the convention and tournament next year.

The judges for all the races during the tournament were G. W. Hartman, G. H. Marshall, of Las Vegas, and Wallace Hoeselien, of Albuquerque. The timers were W. T. McCreight, for the association; and G. B. Farrell, J. Van Arndell and W. H. Goodall. The racing events were published in The Citizen as they occurred by special telegrams.

The Cerrillos citizens received the Albuquerqueans last Saturday with open arms, and they appeared to glory over the successes of our hose running team as much as we do. At Cerrillos yesterday a game of base ball was played between two picked teams, and the team captained by Mayor Goodall won easily.

The Albuquerqueans are so profuse in their compliments of the Las Vegas firemen and citizens as entertainers that it is impossible to single out one exception. However, while feeling under obligations to all, they speak more especially of Chief Crowley, John Shanks, A. R. Quinley, Richard Hoeser, Ralph Oldham, DeWitt Pearce, Chas. G. Lecham, H. E. Blake, P. J. Martin, Frank Long, R. C. Lafferty, Chas. Allen, Ed. Betry, J. C. Harner, and Frank Forsythe and Walter Benjamin on the side.

J. K. Martin, secretary of the Las Vegas department, was on the sick list, and did not take part in the convention. He is one of the solid business gentlemen of Las Vegas, and is all right in every respect. He has the best wishes of The Citizen for a handsome recovery.

HOW TO KILL A BEAR.

Caramels are Better Than Butters and Do the Work Thoroughly.

Recent disclosures as to the way in which some New Yorkers kill bears, and Mr. J. C. Goodall to an enterprising writer, remind me of Paul Morton's discovery of the way to catch them. He was traveling with a party of good fellows on the Canadian Pacific railway. On that road the passengers are supplied with a most interesting little book giving the name of every town through which they pass, with also little bits of information as to what may be seen there, and for what a town and surrounding country are noteworthy.

"The Morton party observed after the name of a station where the train was to stop the statement, 'Here bear may be found.' Arriving there they dispatched their men as soon as possible and began to look for bear. Sure enough there was one on the premises tied to a stake in the back yard. The advertising man had taken care to make good his word. Some inquiries as to the habits of the animal elicited from the small boy in attendance the fact that bears like sugar and would climb a tree to get it. One of the party put this statement to the test by placing a caramel on top of a pole, and the bear, vindicated by the bear's climbing to the top, but the caramel, not so easy to mouth as sugar, stuck in his teeth. He came down the pole, lay on the ground and tried to get it loose with one of his forepaws; this failing, he inserted the second paw, and then the third and fourth until he was helpless on his back with all four saws in his mouth.

"Mr. Morton now claims priority of discovery in the fact that the best way to catch a bear is to feed him on caramels, get all of his paws in his mouth and then club him to death."

Almost a Perfect Storm.

The climate of the Sierra, although not so very pleasant on account of the winds, is extremely salubrious, the heat never becoming overbearing, as it does not exceed ninety degrees Fahrenheit, while the nights are deliciously cool. Lung diseases are unknown, and the sanitary condition of the Sierra may perhaps be inferred from the reply of an old American doctor who lives in the now almost abandoned mining place, Guadalupe y Calvo. When I asked him to give his experience as to the health of the people he said, "Well, here in the mountains it is distressingly healthy, due to a complete defiance of every hygienic arrangement. With the graveyards, a tannery and the sewers at the river's edge no diseases originate here."

Cash and Credit Prices.

There is a commercial custom in England, as well as in many of the larger cities of continental Europe, that could be followed with excellent results by the merchants and tradesmen of this country. When a person enters a shop in London, for instance, and selects an article he may desire, no matter what it is, and inquires the price, a certain sum is stated. If the buyer happens to have an account at the establishment and instructs the salesman to charge his purchase to him he is notified, informed that the price of the article is two or three pence higher than the first named cost. This system is followed in all the better mercantile establishments in the United Kingdom.—Jeweler's Circular.

Made Their Work Easy.

"It seems to me," said the city editor as he laid down the office bible which had been dug out of the library for reference, and which he had been looking over in a moment of idleness, "that those fellows, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, to avoid getting scooped, must have compared notes while they were out on their assignments." Life.

Water Needles.

So penetrating is water at high pressure that only special qualities of cast iron will be tight against it. In the early days of the hydraulic jack it was no uncommon thing to see water issuing like fine needles through the metal, and the water needles would penetrate the unwary finger just as readily as a steel one.—Power.

From Monday's Daily.

Prof. G. S. Ramsay, of the Academy went to Santa Fe this afternoon.

Mrs. Mary A. Thayer, the missionary teacher, left today for Baltimore.

F. O. Boes, of El Paso, is here and Frank Sturges is showing the gentlemen courtesies.

G. C. Kaman has a receipt in full for poll tax collected for School Clerk S. Grunsfeld.

Miss Kate Kirkpatrick will teach at Cerrillos the coming year and Miss Emma at Golden.

Dr. Macbeth has returned from the firemen's tournament, and may be found at his dental office.

W. S. Strickler, the efficient cashier of the Bank of Commerce, returned last night from the east.

Mrs. A. Simpser will leave this evening for Johnsburg, Mo., where she will spend several weeks with friends and relatives.

Mrs. J. L. Dunley, wife of the former chief clerk at the freight depot, is in the city on her way to Colorado Springs from California.

Wm. Cuyler, formerly a resident of Albuquerque, is in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler have been residing in El Paso the past winter.

The soliciting committee of the territorial fair secured \$200 in subscriptions this morning. The committee hope to secure a fund of three thousand dollars this week.

Hon. M. S. Otero was thinking of sending his children east to school, but wisely concluded that they can secure a good education in the schools of this city.

The championship belt, won by the Albuquerque hose running team, can be seen for the next few days at Zeiger's Cafe. Foreman Jacoby, of the Hook & Ladder company, was entrusted with the belt last night, by Trainer

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Knights, and in his custody will

the magnificent trophy remain at the Cafe while on exhibition. His son, Johnny Jacoby, was with the hose team, and for a bright young boy none can equal Johnny.

F. H. Snow, chancellor of the state university of Kansas, home at Lawrence, Kansas, came up from Water Canon, Socorro county, last night, and has a room, with his party of bug hunters, at the Highlands. Prof. Snow is regarded as one of the most scientific authorities of the bug kingdom in the west. He is a friend of Don J. Rankin and he will remain for a few days.

Harry Gray, the manager of Wilson Wadsworth's San Marcial cattle ranch, called on The Citizen this afternoon, and desired to know the facts pertaining to a base ball tournament during the coming fair. Mr. Gray thinks and believes that his club is the cream base ball team of the southwest.

Frank Case, one of the oldest and best railroad conductors in the southwest is in the city, from Winslow. It is understood that he took in the "World's fair at Chicago," and it is also gleaned that he royally entertained his friends.

W. A. Denny, one of the largest cattle buyers of Chicago, who visits the southwest semi-monthly, is in the city, and this morning G. L. Brooks showed the gentlemanly courtesies, introducing him to many intimate friends.

Clarence Aubright, "Doc," as he is familiarly known, is visiting his parents on Edith street. Mr. Aubright has been storekeeper, later time keeper, at Winslow. He will return to the Prairie City early this week.

D. L. Anderson arrived in the city Saturday from Colorado, where he has been for the past three months. He says business is dull in Colorado, but hopes to see things pick up here in the future.

SOCIAL AMENITIES.

The Widower Has the Cane Taken Out of Him.

The physician in one of the interior small towns is a great tease, and the general storekeeper is a widower with an idea that he is irresistible among the ladies. The doctor drives an aged mule called Jane to his gig, says the Detroit Free Press, and the widower more than once, when he has met with the doctor with a lady in his gig, has gazed him for not driving a better animal. The other day the doctor appeared in the store.

"There's a friend of mine out here wants a bale of hay," he called to the proprietor, who was at the far end.

"What's his name?" inquired the widower.

"It isn't a his, it's a her," corrected the doctor.

"Oh, ah, a lady?" smiled the widower, "take me out and introduce me?"

"Certainly," responded the doctor. "Wait till I slick up a bit," and the widower washed his face and hands, combed his hair, put on a collar and coat, gave himself a brushing and started out with the doctor.

"How old is she?" he asked as they reached the door.

"About 18 or 19, I should say."

"Married?"

"Oh no," and as the doctor stepped outside the storekeeper stepped behind the counter and slipped a peppermint drop into his mouth. He thought the lady was in the gig standing at the rack, and just as he reached it he straightened his necktie and cleared his voice and the doctor stopped.

"Jane," he said blantly, "let me present Mr. Blank, the gentleman from whom you will get the bale of hay," and Jane stuck out her nose to the widower in such a pleasant, friendly manner that he was utterly overcome, and with a snort he turned and fled back into the store.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

This Mathematical Problem Was Attempted Four Thousand Years Ago.

The oldest mathematical book in the world, which dates some 4,000 years back and was written in Egypt, contains a rule for squaring the circle, says the Engineers' Gazette. The rule given is to shorten the diameter by a ninth, and on the line so obtained to construct a square; and this, though far from being exact, is near enough for most practical purposes. Since then the amateur squarer of the circle has been a thorn in the side of the professional mathematician. Learned societies at last, in pure self-defense, made a rule that all